

To the Glory of the Great Architect of the Universe.

LODGE OF SORROW:

Philadelphia Lodge of Perfection:

Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite:

ORIENT OF PENNSYLVANIA:

IN MEMORIAM

ILLUSTRIOUS BROTHERS

EDWIN F. MOORE, 32°;

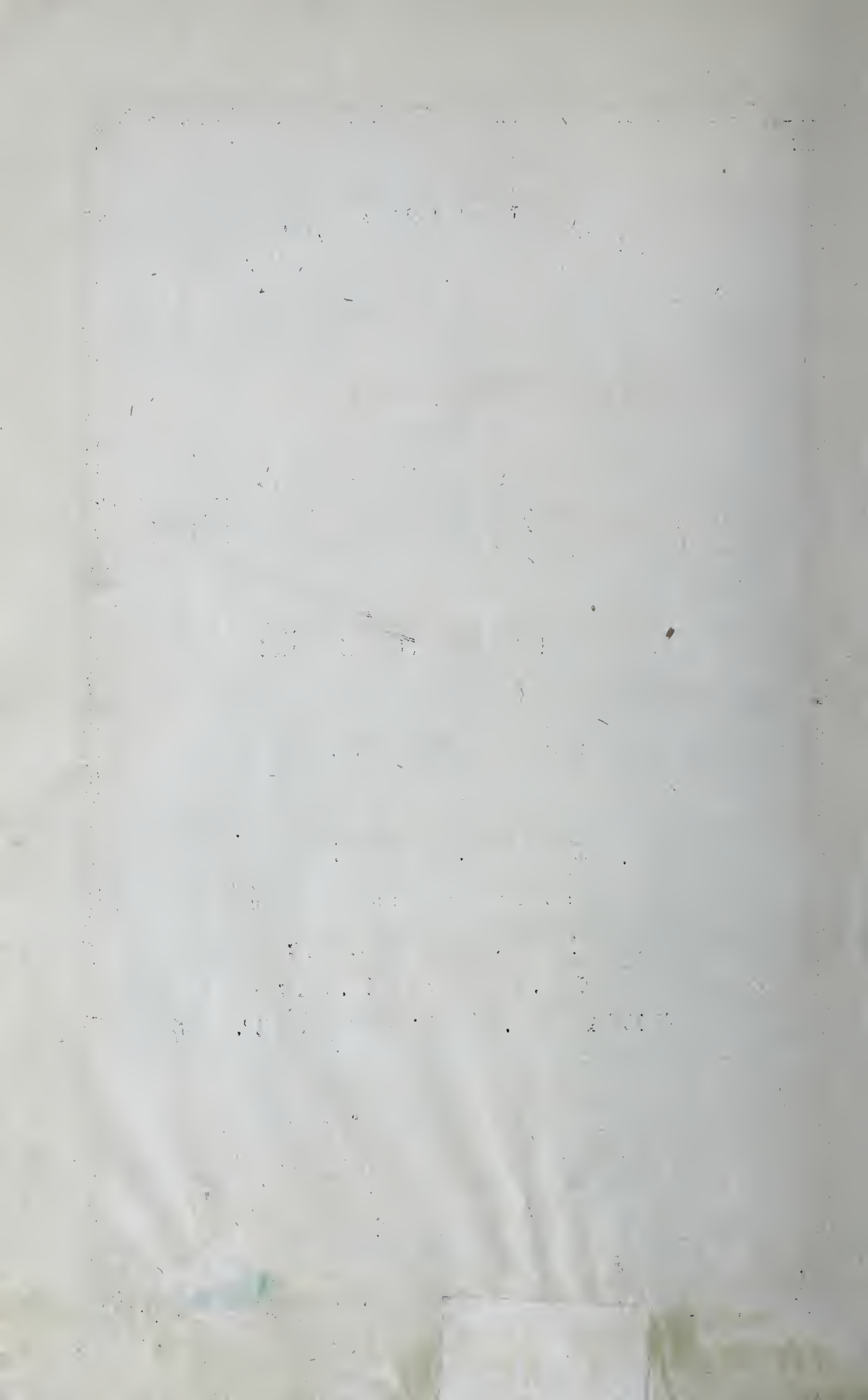
JOHN L. GODDARD, 32°;

WILLIAM B. SCHNIDER, 32°.

Tenth day of the Hebrew month Shebat, 5628,

ANSWERING TO

February 3d, 1868.



18
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PROCEEDINGS
IN
LODGE OF SORROW,
Philadelphia Lodge of Perfection,
Ancient and Accepted Rite,

10th Shebat, 5628, answering to February 3, 1868.

MUSIC.

Lodge of Perfect Masters 5° opened at 8 o'clock, P. M.

HYMN.

Come ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me your brother's tomb,
Learn from it your fate to-morrow,
Death perhaps may seal your doom.

Sad and silent flow our numbers,
While disconsolate we mourn,
Loss of him who sweetly slumbers,
Mouldering 'neath the silent urn.

Once, when full of life, he never
Proved unfaithful to our laws ;
We'll like him, be zealous ever
To promote the glorious cause.

PRAYER.

ADDRESS BY R. W. MASTER.

Ill. Bro. JOHN HANOLD, 32°

THE
JOURNAL OF
JAMES M. SMITH
1846-1850

THE
JOURNAL OF
JAMES M. SMITH
1846-1850

EULOGY

ON THE

Life and Character

OF OUR

DEPARTED BROTHER,

EDWIN F. MOORE, 32°

PRONOUNCED BY

Ill. Bro. THOMAS R. DAVIS, 32°

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

From the first settlement of the city in 1630 to the present time. The city of Boston was founded by a group of Puritan settlers who came to the Massachusetts Bay in 1630. They were led by John Winthrop, who gave the city its name. The city grew rapidly and became one of the most important cities in the New England colonies. It was the site of the Boston Tea Party in 1773 and the Battle of Boston in 1775. The city was the center of the American Revolution and played a key role in the founding of the United States.

The city of Boston has a rich history and is one of the most important cities in the United States. It was the site of the Boston Tea Party in 1773 and the Battle of Boston in 1775. The city was the center of the American Revolution and played a key role in the founding of the United States. The city has a long and proud history and is a testament to the American spirit.

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Right Worshipful Master, Wardens and Ill. Brethren :

A mournful duty has been assigned me, and I approach its performance with a heart sorrowing as that of David lamenting Jonathan ; for of him so early called to sleep with the "sheeted dead," I also can truly say, "I am distressed for thee, O my Brother, for very pleasant hast thou been to me." And tho' now, chill winds moan drearily through the leafless branches that surround his narrow bed, wherein he awaits in dreamless slumber the Great Awakening, I sorrow not as those who have no hope ; having faith in the Divine assurance "that though a man die, yet shall he live again."

Would that in this melancholy occurrence, I might claim for myself an exceptional experience, but the Providence of God forbids it, for as it has happened unto me, so also has it befallen others, for

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead."

Of ourselves, my brethren, I may not err in saying that as children of a common destiny, however varied our experience in life, we cannot have escaped the consciousness that each passing year but adds to our familiarity with Death—even as the hurrying moments tend but too surely to mark the ever lessening distance that separates us from his presence.

But readily as we may assent to this as true, I yet speak the language of the human heart when I say, that the certainty of his coming lessens in no degree the terror of his approach, nor allays one pang of the anguish with which we behold his intrusion into our homes, for it is ever with a ruthless grasp that he lays hold of the dearest idol.

And though, by the light of a diviner teaching than that furnished by earth's experience, he is revealed to man as an angel of mercy sent by a loving Father to take his weary children home ; still it is no reflection upon His goodness that he laments his bereavement, nor a wrong to his better nature when the overburdened heart gives expression to its grief in tears, for "*He who made us all, knows our frames and remembers that we are dust.*"

Little anticipating, my brethren, how soon we are destined to realize in our own experience the impressive character of these solemn truths, it becomes us as having met to commemorate the virtues of the dead, to lay them to heart, and to see that our footsteps do not wander from the pathway that leads to Life and Happiness.

To me it is inexpressibly sad that the first of our little number to have been called away was my cherished friend and intimate companion, but God so willed it, and in His unbounded love, transferred to a brighter world, and to a purer companionship—the immortal spirit of our Brother and friend

EDWIN FINOUR MOORE.

Animated with life, and blessed with health, it is hard for us to realize that on earth we shall never see his familiar face again; nor greet him with the fraternal welcome this side the "dark valley" forever.

It is sorrowful to think that a loving wife stricken with grief, shall now look in vain for his coming, and as vainly strain the expectant ear for the welcome sound of his returning footsteps.

Not less sorrowful that a blooming child too young to comprehend its sad bereavement, has been left to realize in maturer years the exceeding magnitude of its irreparable loss; but as it is appointed for man once to die, so our Brother and Friend, the loving husband and affectionate father, having completed his earthly pilgrimage, has been called to lay his weary head to rest upon the bosom of our common mother, leaving us in recognition of those "Mystic Ties," so consecrated to our best affections by the fervid zeal of the Great, and faithful devotion of the Good, the melancholy duty of assembling to honor his memory, by paying this fraternal tribute to his many virtues.

Of our departed brother's early ancestors little has come to my knowledge; my record will therefore be necessarily brief; I however learn that they were of German origin, and that those on the paternal side had settled in this country whilst the American provinces were yet dependencies of the British crown.

When the oppressive enactments of that government culminated in the revolt of the colonists, his paternal great grandfather espoused the cause of this adopted country, and entered her service as an enlisted soldier, and though engaged in many a sanguinary conflict, Providence spared his life, and permitted him to see her establish her independence and become a prosperous nation.

At the close of the revolutionary war, throughout which he had honorably served, and being still young in years, he located himself at York, in this State, where he resumed his former occupation as an artizan.

Our Brother's maternal grandfather, Rev. Mr. Kluge, was a Moravian Missionary, and in the year 1803 was located at a mission station among the Delaware Indians on the White River, within the present limits of the State of Indiana. It was at this station that his mother was born.

To the casual observer, my Brethren, this brief and simple statement may offer but little of interest; but to us whose past associations with the dead are now a very pleasant memory, it reveals how Loyalty to Free Institutions and a lowly reverence for the Christian Religion united in giving to our lamented Brother an ancestry to which may be traced his quiet unobtrusive manners and his faithful loving spirit.

His father, Peter A. Moore, was born at Baltimore, in Maryland, where he entered the medical profession as a student, and there graduated.

He commenced the practice of his profession at Marietta, in Lancaster County, of this State, where he was married on the 28th of December, 1828; subsequently removing to Nazareth, in Northampton County, Pennsylvania.

It was in this retired village, on the 4th of May, 1834, that Brother Moore was born, and it was at this place, when he had scarcely entered upon his third year, that the family met with its first and life-long sorrow, for the husband and the father was taken away, leaving his widow desolate, and two daughters and a son, the children of his love—bereaved indeed.

Even thus early was this stricken family called upon to learn in the school of affliction, and to endure the cold realities of the world.

From this time, and during his earlier years, our Brother was taken in charge by his paternal grandmother, residing at York, and in the Public Schools of that Borough he received his first instruction, and continued his attendance until he had attained his twelfth year, when he returned to his mother's home at Lebanon.

At the Select Academy for boys, in this town, he further pursued his studies for the next succeeding three years.

At this period of his young life, having scarcely entered upon his 15th year, he could no longer repress his youthful ardor, nor curb his eager desires to aid his widowed mother, so yielded himself a willing captive to his sense of duty, and being full of bright hopes and joyous expectations, the peculiar prerogatives of youth and inexperience, he placed his trust in Providence, and ventured his frail bark alone upon the Ocean of Life.

Inspired by encouragement from loving sisters, who held him as the pride and stay of their hearts, and accompanied by the earnest prayers of his weeping mother, that God would guard and prosper her fatherless boy, he went forth from his home and his friends, coveting success and prosperity, only as a means of adding to the comfort and happiness of those whom he so dearly loved.

In following the modest career of this hopeful boy, starting out in life so sanguine of success, and, happily, unconscious of the many disappointments awaiting him, I am indebted to his sorrowing mother for many reminiscences as sad as they are full of interest. She states that immediately after leaving school, his active mind sought employment, nor was he content, until by unwearied perseverance, he through the influence of a friend obtained a situation in a retail dry goods store in this city, and where he remained about a year. His salary not proving adequate to his maintenance, he at the urgent solicitation of his mother, returned home; not however, without deploring the hardship entailed upon him by a necessity which for the time being he was powerless to overcome.

But endowed with youth and health, and unsubdued in spirit he struggled on. Averse to idleness, and anxious to support himself, and assist his mother, he, in the winter, taught a session school in a neighboring district, when he endured many hardships, for this school being some three miles from the town of Lebanon, often, owing to the severity of the weather, he was required to start before daylight in the morning, to be punctual at the proper hour for commencement. In the succeeding summer, he secured an appointment in a corps of engineers, at that time engaged in making the necessary surveys preparatory to the widening and improvement of the Union Canal. In this employment, so congenial with his taste, he hoped to gain knowledge and experience which would further his cherished objects, but an early completion of their labors terminated his engagement, so that late in the fall, he returned to this city.

Here he secured varied employment with merchants at different places, but the names and locations have now escaped his mother's memory.

In the year 1854, on the 7th of August, and mostly through the influence of Rev. Mrs. Dr. Hutter, of this city, a lady "who knew him from his childhood, and who throughout his brief life, loved him as a son," he first entered the services of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, at their freight agency in this city.

On the 1st of January 1855, he was transferred to the Accounting Department of the Company's service at their General Office, and was in their employ up to the date of his death.

In all the positions that he filled under this Company, his upright conduct and mild demeanor secured the respect of all, and attached to him many warm and personal friends.

Away from his mother's home some fourteen years, he had a prolonged experience of the discomforts more or less connected with a nomadic life, and though his Masonic associations served to ameliorate many a privation to which his isolated fate consigned him, they yet fell short of the happiness attendant upon those quiet enjoyments and simple comforts which alone cluster around the domestic hearth.

Happily, and as a promise of that brighter existence so faithfully toiled for, a gleam of sunshine shed athwart his hitherto cheerless pathway a genial ray, for the world, as though conscious of its unjust severity, momentarily relaxed its rigor, and his patient hopefulness was rewarded in the acquisition for himself of a loved home.

On the 17th of December, 1863, he was married to Miss Jane Cummings, of this city, a young lady deservedly esteemed for her many good qualities, and who united to a cultivated intellect, a most affectionate disposition.

In this union our Brother was blessed by Providence, for she who had so long held his youthful heart captive, proved a loving and affectionate wife.

On the 3d of March, 1865, his heart rejoiced in his first born, a little daughter, and his home happiness was enhanced by the additional charm of parental affection.

Of a small and delicate frame Brother Moore's constitution was ill adapted to withstand the trials and hardships incident to a successful battle with a world that had so often blighted his hopes, and rewarded his faithful labors so inadequately, hence in the commonest attacks of sickness it required his most assiduous care to regain his health. For this reason he was often retained an unwilling prisoner at his home when his heart was with his brethren at their meetings.

In the early part of July last, when suffering under the effects of a severe cold, he complained of a pain in his side; following the dictates of prudence, he remained at home the next day, but his symptoms growing worse, it was deemed advisable to call in the family physician, who pronounced his case that of pleurisy.

No very serious apprehensions of danger were at this time entertained, and an early recovery was hopefully expected; but the disease soon culminated in a malignant type of spotted fever, during the continuance of which he was most of the time delirious. Then the nervous system, strained to its utmost tension, revealed how terrible was the conflict between life and death, and to those who witnessed his incessant though vain efforts to find some alleviation of his great suffering, some spot where he could find momentary repose for his weary frame, he indeed appeared a "predestined child of sorrow," for with him pain and suffering ended but with his life.

To those who loved and esteemed him it is not without its consolation to know that the best medical skill was provided for him, and that he lacked no attention that a loving wife or devoted friends could bestow. But neither the skill of man, nor the love of woman availed, and on the 15th of July, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, in the morning, surrounded by weeping relatives and sympathizing friends, our Brother, EDWIN F. MOORE, breathed his last.

From this brief and hasty sketch my brethren, you will not have failed to observe that it has not fallen to my lot to speak of a brilliant life, but rather of a lowly one, and one also to which the world had dealt a double measure of its harsh asperities. Our brother's daily conduct was, therefore, in bright contrast with an experience which tended to wither the hopes and destroy the aspirations of a stronger heart.

But he had been early taught, that

“ 'Tis not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine :
For many a virtue unapplauded,
Is yet divine.”

“ The outward show may be delusive,
A cheating name ;
The inner spirit is conclusive
Of worth or shame.”

And so went he to his rest confidently, with a peaceful consciousness, never obscured by doubt, that at the hands of Him who judgeth righteously he would not fail of his just reward.

Of his Masonic life so well known to you all, even better perhaps than to myself, I may add but little that is new.

His petition for admission into Melita Lodge, No. 295, was presented on September 28th, 1859, and was approved October 26th.

He was made an Entered Apprentice on February 22d, 1860, passed to the degree of a Fellow Craft March 28, and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason on May 23d, next succeeding.

On January 19th, 1864, he was made a Sojourner of Excelsior Mark Lodge, No. 216. Passed to the chair February 24th.

On May 23d, he was received into Jerusalem H. R. A. Chapter, No. 3. On the 23d of December of the same year he was invested with the orders of Christian Knighthood, in St. John's Commandery of Knights Templar, No. 4, and on April 3d and May 2d, 1866, successively received the several degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite to the 32°, between the hands of Illustrious Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander, Killian H. Van Renselaer, 33°, of Ohio, at the Philadelphia Grand Lodge of Perfection, De Joinville Council of Princes of Jerusalem, Kilwinning Chapter, of Rose Croix, de H. R. D. M., and Philadelphia Sovereign Consistory, S. P. R. S., on the reorganization of these bodies in this city.

For our cherished Order, Brother Moore entertained a profound reverence, and he was thoroughly imbued with affection for its grand principles. He made the recognition of its various obligations a matter of conscientious observance, and within his sphere the guarding of its sacred enclosures against the intrusion of the unworthy, an object of scrupulous care. It is true, and in praise of his pure Masonic attainments, that he never made indiscriminate mention of his thoughts in connection with our institution, but when in the company of those best qualified to appreciate its symbolic teachings, he would always express himself with freedom, and as one who

had an intelligent comprehension of its sacred requirements. Indeed so marked was his attachment to the Order, and so well did he love it, that on many occasions, when in the company of his more intimate friends, he expressed in strongest terms his wish that when it would please the Lord to call him hence, that the last sad offices of the living towards him should, in connection with those most dear to him on earth, be performed by his Masonic Brethren.

This simple wish I rejoice in being able to state has been complied with, and the mortal remains of our lamented Brother have been tenderly consigned, by loving hands, to the tomb, in accordance with our ancient custom.

As a summary of his character, it is pleasing to my heart to be able to say, that as a son, he was dutiful and affectionate, thoughtful beyond his years, always anxious to assist his mother, and often yielding all his scanty means to add to her comforts.

As a brother he was ever kind, esteeming no labor too toilsome that served to contribute to the happiness of his loved sisters; never wearying in his efforts to add to their innocent pleasures, nor reluctant in supplying their smallest wants.

As a husband, he loved his wife tenderly. and as dearly prized his home, and in it knew no unhappiness except that arising from his inability to surround those whom his heart cherished with enjoyments commensurate with his great love.

As a father, he was justly proud of his little daughter, always delighting in her innocent prattle, and cherishing in connection with her little life many a prospective pleasure now on earth nevermore to be realized.

As a friend, he was open and sincere, ever ready to do a kindness; generous as far as his means permitted, and never insensible to the claims of the deserving, regretting only when he gave, that his ability was so circumscribed.

As a Mason, he was faithful and true, rejoicing in the prosperity of the Order, and at all times jealous for its fair fame.

My Brethren, I have spoken freely of those qualities in the life of our departed Brother, which for their simple comeliness commend themselves to our hearty approval, for

“Of him who wrapt in earth is cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.”

Yet highly as I esteemed him living, and much as I revere his memory, dead, I do not claim his exemption from faults, nor that he had no need of saying, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner," for he was "a man born of woman."

To say, that perhaps, he was too open in the expression of his honest convictions, would be to say the worst that I could say of him; yet not as against him, but as probably forming the chief barrier to what the world would term a success in life.

But may we not hope that even this has served to still further commend him to that Divine love in which he has already found his refuge and his rest.

Doubtless he committed errors; he may often have made mistakes, and in the obscure twilight of doubt and sore temptation, he may have stumbled, yet we may safely aver, that he never lost sight of the "better way."

Pure and simple in his tastes, he loved the country well, and greatly admired the sea, paying to greenfields and wooded glens, the tribute of his humble homage, and to the crested billows of the mighty ocean, the silent worship of a lowly heart.

"But he who loved them all, shall never be,
Again among the woods or on the beauteous sea."

Of refined feelings and a tender heart, I never heard him give expression to an unworthy sentiment, nor to an unkind word. He was uniformly correct in his habits, and as moderate in his desires as he was economical in the gratification of his wants; and I can say with perfect truthfulness, that no one, better than myself, knows how earnestly and faithfully he strove to render to every one his just due, and tho' at times the performance of some of his duties may have been unavoidably delayed, their ultimate accomplishment he never lost sight of, nor relaxed one single effort to fulfill them all.

Thus our Brother has passed away! leaving his sorrowing wife and innocent child to mourn the loss of their nearest and dearest friend, and though happily, they are not deprived of affectionate relatives, nor of kindly friends to comfort and console them in their great affliction. I yet hope for the sake of the dead, that each of us will feel it his pleasure, to follow with a kindly solicitude for their happiness, the fate of the widow and orphan thus sadly bereft; and should added sorrows or multiplied cares hereafter overtake them, from which I pray that the good Providence of God may exempt them, I earnestly trust that not against us, nor against any of our brotherhood may the Recording Angel write, that we ceased to remember their claims upon our sympathy, or failed in the friendly counsel and helping hand, when in their need they required our assistance.

And now Ill. Brethren, inasmuch as death has thus closely been brought home to our hearts, may we ever remember how frail and brittle is the tie that binds us to life; that we are even as a shadow that stays not, and as a breath that passed away. Though we are here to-day, to-morrow, perhaps, the place that now rejoices in our presence, will know us no more forever.

And as Childhood may not plead its innocence, nor Youth its hopeful aspirations, still less may Manhood point to honors attained, or Age to fame achieved, for exemption from death, for it is the common lot of all; Let us then,

“ Follow with reverent steps the great example,
Of him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.”

For in the faithful performance of our daily duties alone, can we find that consolation which will bless our declining years with peace, and at the last, when earth with all its cares and sorrows, shall fade from our view, the consciousness of our duty done, united to our faith in Jesus the Messiah, will have so purified our hearts, that our souls arrayed in Righteousness, as with a shining garment, will reflect the brightness of that coming Glory, which upon our entrance into Heaven, shall crown us Children of the Light.

ORATION

ON THE

Life, Character and Public Virtues

OF OUR

DEPARTED BROTHER,

JOHN L. GODDARD, 32°

PRONOUNCED BY

Ill. Bro. Jeremiah L. Hutchinson, 32°

“Memento homo ! tu es pulvis, et in pulvere revertitis.”

“Remember man, that thou art dust, and shalt return to dust again.”

Life ! Death !—solemn, impressive words ! Full of deep and mysterious significance, wonderful miracles, Yet how little do we comprehend them. Of the two, life is the most wonderful ; the common, daily life which we carry about us, and which everywhere surrounds us.

It is our daily and hourly familiarity with life that obscures its wonders from us.

We have grown up alongside of life, with life within us and about us.

Other wonders attract our attention, and our admiration, and excite our surprise, but the great mystery of life is hidden by its close familiarity, and strikes us not.

The flower springs up, blooms, withers, and falls, returning to the earth from which it sprung. The trees in summer put on their mantle of green, they blossom, the fruit ripens, falls, the leaves drop one by one and decay, returning to earth again. And man—“Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,” made after the image of his Creator.

Man ! a little lower than the angels.

What a piece of work is man !

How noble in reason !

How infinite in faculties !

In form and moving, how express and admirable !

In action how like an angel !

In apprehension how like a God !

The beauty of the world !

The paragon of animals !

And yet, what is this quintessence of dust ?

Yes, though surrounded by all the panoply of pomp and power, with all the aid that friendship and love can bring, the solemn and irrevocable fiat goes forth : “Remember man, that thou art dust, and shalt return to dust again.” And his body returns to dust, and his spirit to the God who gave it.

The solemn ceremonies through which we are passing, “the trappings and suits of woe,” bring to us forcibly and impressively that we are met to pay tribute to the King of Terrors. Death ! terrible and insatiate, has been amongst us ; he has removed from us a worthy and dearly beloved brother ; one who, in all his associations with us, endeared himself by those beautiful qualities of heart and mind for which he was justly and eminently distinguished.

Brother John L. Goddard is dead ! The “Angel of Death” received his solemn mandate and struck him from the rolls of existence ; but we feel

confident that his reliance on the promises of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, has enabled him to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

“What? Though I pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff shall be my support.”

Brother John L. Goddard, was born on the 24th day of November, 1812, and died on the 17th day of July, 1867, in the 55th year of his age

He was initiated into the mysteries of F. and A. A. Y. Masonry in Lodge No. 51, of this city, on the 25th day of April, 1850; was exalted to the supreme degree of a Royal Arch Mason in Chapter No. 169; received the orders of knighthood in Commandery No. 2 on the day of 18 and was inducted into the mysteries of the A. and A. Rite in company with myself and others, in Philadelphia on the 11th day of July, 1857, and was one of the officers of the first bodies in our Rite constituted in this city.

In all the different branches of the Masonic Order, he took a deep and active interest as long as his health would permit and at the time of his death, filled the high and distinguished post of R. W. Grand Master of Masons of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Brother Goddard was always ready to aid with his counsel and purse all poor and weary pilgrims travelling from afar, to feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted.

He was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, “this was a man.”

And now that he has completed in the rough quarries of earth the designs that the Grand Architect of the Universe had laid down upon his Trestle Board, we may confidently believe that he has been admitted to the company of the saints, to praise and glorify the Great Jehovah through endless eternity of ages.

“He that giveth a cup of cold water, even to one of my little ones, in the name of a disciple, verily, in no wise shall he lose his reward.”

“*Requiescat in pace.*”

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ORATION

ON THE

Life, Character and Public Virtues

OF OUR

DEPARTED BROTHER,

WILLIAM B. SCHNIDER, 32°

PRONOUNCED BY

Ill. Bro. The Rev. Robert H. Pattison, 32°

Death is an unwelcome visitor, yet he comes unbidden and undesired, sentinels at their posts with drawn swords challenge him, yet he passes; doors, bolted and barred as strongly as the ingenuity of man can devise, oppose him, yet he enters; enters our homes, and lays his cold and icy hand upon the loved of the family circle; enters our Lodge Room and summons the Grand Secretary from his desk, and the Grand Master from his chair in the East, and as he passes out, bids the Grand Tyler to follow him. So mandatory are these orders, that no delay is allowed; the dearest and strongest ties are severed by his word, and we are left in sorrow.

The duty which you require of me on this occasion is a sad, but pleasant one. The scenes all about us are mournful, and it is sad to think that one whom we loved is absent, far, far away in the land from which travelers never return. We look for a familiar form as we pass in and out from our work, and can hardly realize the fact that Brother William B. Schnider is dead. While it is sad to think of him as gone, yet it is pleasant to remember the warm grasp and affectionate heart, and to think of the many virtues of the Brother absent on a visit to the Grand Lodge Room above.

WILLIAM B. SCHNIDER was born in this city, March 28, 1817. His grandfather, William Schnider, was appointed Tyler to Lodge No. 2, February 10, 1800, who served in that position for fourteen years, when he was succeeded by his son, Charles Schnider, the father of him for whom we sorrow, June 13, 1814, who was a faithful sentinel to our Lodge Rooms for thirty one years. Our brother was born in a family whose love for Masonry was strong and enduring, from his childhood he was taught the principles and beautiful lessons of our Ancient Order. No wonder that on arriving at age, he should at once seek an association with the craft.

He was initiated in the order of Free and Accepted Masons, in Lafayette Lodge, No. 71, in March, 1838, crafted in April 1838, and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason by the Grand Lodge, at a Lodge of Instruction, May 7, 1838. Less than two years after his entrance into the Lodge in 1840, he was elected Senior Warden, and the year following, Worshipful Master of his Lodge. He gave evidence by his attendance at the meetings and his interest in the work, of his strong love for Freemasonry.

He was received as a most Excellent Master, and exalted to the supreme degree of a Royal Arch Mason, in Jerusalem Chapter No. 3, November 19, 1840, and served as High Priest of his Chapter in 1843, and at the time of his death was the oldest Past High Priest of the oldest Chapter on this continent.

He received the orders of Christian Knighthood in St. John's Commandery, No. 4, of this city, June 23, 1848; and in company with Bro. John L. Goddard, whose death we also mourn, and of whose many virtues and noble life we have heard to-night from sweet toned and eloquent lips, Bro.

Schnider received the different degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, July 19, 1857, and was ever after hailed as a brother of the 32° in Masonry.

On the death of his father, in 1844, Brother Schnider was appointed by Grand Master, Brother William Barger, Grand Tyler, which position he filled with credit to himself and honor to the Craft, until his death on Thursday morning, December 19, 1867. He died at his post in the Masonic Hall.

Schnider has served as Tyler since 1800. First William, then Charles, then William, and now again Charles, and may the present incumbent live long, and continue to be a worthy successor of such noble sires.

For the position to which he was appointed, Brother William B. Schnider was in a very remarkable degree qualified. His faculty of remembering names and faces was indeed wonderful. If he once knew a man as a Mason, he could ever afterwards recognize him, and growing up with the Order in the city and State, he kept himself posted with reference to the advancement of brethren.

Visitors from neighboring jurisdictions once known to the Grand Tyler, could ever afterwards be recognized by him, though years intervened between their visits. We have never known or heard of his making a mistake upon this point.

His position was a trying one, it tested the qualities of his heart, and brought into requisition the powers of his mind. His warm, kind heart, his noble and manly deportment endeared him to all who had business with him, or occasion to visit the Masonic Hall.

From childhood associated with Masons, for nearly thirty years an active member of the Order, and for twenty-three years the Tyler of the Grand Lodge, and Grand Chapter, and Tyler of the Subordinate Lodges and Chapters meeting in the Masonic Hall of this city, his life was so interwoven with the history of the Craft, that we felt on that Thursday morning, when the sad intelligence of his death reached us, that we were desolate. It did seem that any one of us could have been better spared from the work in which we are engaged as Masons, than our Tyler.

His work is done. His pilgrimage has ended. The voyage of life with him is over. He has entered into the presence of the Grand Master of the Universe, who will render to every man that which is due for the work performed.

There are those here who could have brought a more beautiful wreath, and placed it upon the coffin of the Sublime Prince, Illustrious Brother William B. Schnider, and he is worthy of the most beautiful. They could have offered to his memory a tribute more noble and eloquent, and he is worthy of the noblest, but I yield to none in my sincere affection for his

memory, and a true estimate of his worth to the Order of Freemasonry, and deep sympathy for the widow and fatherless children in their affliction. We are sometimes bereaved, the thorny path of affliction is now and then our lot, but let us remember, every human tear is counted. They will yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple; when the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked path, we shall see the pitfalls from which our hedge of thorns has fenced us in; and in our full grown faith, we shall exultingly say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

LESSON.

Response after each paragraph of the lesson,
GLORY BE TO THEE, O LORD.

CEREMONIES.

HYMN.

Our Brother sleeps among the dead,
His life was rounded true and well,
And cold and green the turf is spread
Above his narrow, lonely cell.

PRAYER.

CEREMONIES.

HYMN.

His name is graven on the stone,
That friendship's tears have often wept,
But his great Order's heart upon,
That name is stamped more deeply yet.

CEREMONIES.

HYMN.

As Hiram slept, the widow's son,
E'en so our brother takes his rest ;
His battles fought, his duties done,
His name by many thousands blest.

CEREMONIES.

HYMN.

So let him sleep that dreamless sleep,
His glories clustering round his head ;
Be comforted ye loved who weep,
The true, the frank, the fearless dead.

CEREMONIES.

PRAYER.

LESSON,

PROCESSION AND CEREMONIES.

PRAYER.

CEREMONIES.

HYMN.

Weep no more! He is not dead,
On the earth he rests his head,
But his spirit everywhere,
Like the sunlight fills the air.

Lodge of Perfect Masters closed at half-past 10 o'clock.

ATTEST,

CHARLES L. HALE,

Secretary.

